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GEE AITCH 43

No. 59. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, July 13 1919

Y. M. C. A. Song Service Tonight

Monaghan Back With the Fold

Y. M. C. A.

The "Y" will hold the regular song service this evening in the local "Y" hut. All are welcome.

WALTER MONAGHAN RETURNED

Sergeant 1st c. Walter Monaghan, heavy-weight pugilist and Jess Willard trainer, returned from Toledo to our fold, Friday evening.

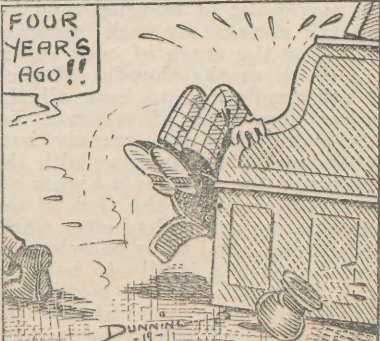
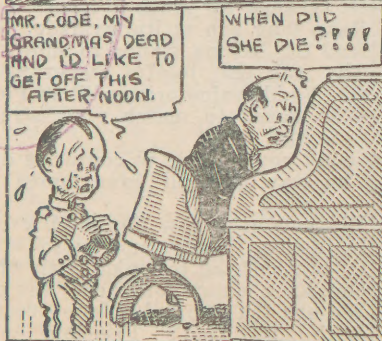
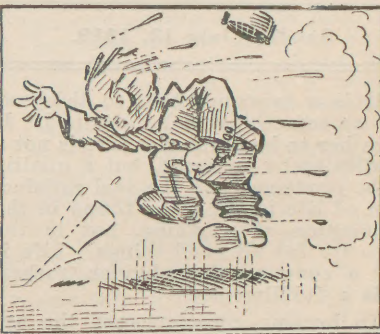
We made an effort to learn of his

opinion on the fight and gathered from the short conversation held with him, that it really was more or less a bit of luck that Dempsey got in that first blow that dazed the big champion and made him helpless. Willard was never in better shape, says Monaghan, and this is explained by the fact that Willard, after being completely dazed and made defenseless by Dempsey's fluke blow to the

(Continued on page 4.)

FRONT!

By Dunning and Hanson



ARMY MEDICAL

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

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Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,
commanding officer.

R. M. Snyder, Red Cross field
director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Pvt. 1st c. I. A. Noble

Officer of the Day:

Sunday—Lieut. Donovan.

Monday—Lieut. Leary.

Sunday, July 13, 1919.

It is a misconception to think of life as something to be attained. It is rather to be realized. Life is not a quality to be procured, but a quality to be produced, and the real satisfaction of life is not to be found in the acquisition of anything, but in the capacity for all good things. Life is not a conquest for plunder, rather, it is a fulfillment.

To become conscience of the upward movement of creation, and instead the shrieks of each separate anguish, or the crash of each separate conflict, or the thunder of each separate revolution, to hear all the age-long procession of separate discords blend into one grandly harmonious symphony, in tune with the swinging of the stars, is a higher attainment of faith in the God of the world that is, and in the better world that is to be. And to be conscious of one's own part in it all—to be loyal to the universal, onward movement, to give one's self mightily to the common cause of human betterment the world over, that there be no peril

from the laggard races; and, as Dr. Hugh P. Orr has said: "To serve beside one's brother man, in the divine call to labor, to live the life of the Spirit among the things material and prove the omnipotence of the soul, to know the divinity of man, and the humanity of God and to realize all these things in one's own daily experiences—this is to live. And then, when the great price must be paid and the last supreme sacrifice must be made, for the sake and the cause of humanity—then, to meet the challenge of the cross with a glad enthusiasm and to die as a liberator of mankind and a savior of the world—this is life immortal. This is not to die, but to live forever."

* * *

SONG OF THE PEOPLES.

(From the New York Times.)

We are the People! We, who broke
In ages past the stubborn yoke
Of Aryan kings, that fell upon
The painted walls of Babylon.
On Freedom's sacrificial fire
We offered Ninevah and Tyre.

Proud ancient temples, built to stand
For tyrant gods, have felt our hand,
And crumble now in dust that speaks
The vengeance man for bondage
wrecks.

Rome, fallen, witnesses our might
To surge toward liberty and light,
And down the ages we have slain
The hope of every monarch vain
With power, Pharaoh and Caesar fell,
And Alexander. Lo! the knell
Of tyranny for kings to heed
Rang long ago at Runnymede,
And St. Helena stands to show
The way that lustful emperors go.
Oh, blind, vainglorious, little Powers
Who dared to match your strength
with ours,

Could you not see in centuries done
The way that all your mates have
run?

Did you not know our mighty cause
Is justice, liberty, and laws
Of brotherhood, to make earth whole?
One King is ours, one hope, one goal?
We are the People! None prevail
With us! God's Freedom is our
Grail!

CAPTAIN COOMBS AWAY ON VISIT.

Captain Edgar Coombs, Manager of the main mess, has gone on a vacation, during which Lt. Elmer Fegan will have charge of the chow-making establishment. We'll have Porter-house, well done and without onions, Lieutenant, and bring us some lobster a la king, head-lettus with French dressing, ripe olives, a load of celery, ice cream, macaroons, and—well, bring on the whole menu. Thank you,—yes, we smoke occasionally. Now bring on the champagne, thank you, that will do nicely.

GREAT TIME.

The Officers and friends who congregated in the Red Cross Convalescent House Friday evening participated in one of the biggest dance success of the season. Many couples were present to enjoy the event, responding keenly to the popular waltz, and jazz strains played by the ever popular Post orchestra. Tasty refreshments were served by the trusty detail, directed by the Red Cross Hostess. The delightful coolness of the evening made dancing a pleasure, and facilitated interesting tete a tete indulgences on the lawn in front of the hall between dances.

BILL BAILEY LEAVES US.

Sgt. Bill Bailey spent his last day in camp yesterday before wending his way homeward. He is a native of Frisco, California and enlisted in the Medical Corps at Fort McDowell, California, more than two years ago and was later transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas, from there to the Port of Embarkation at Newport News. The opening of this Hospital found him transferred here in November, still as a Medical man. In February, this year, the Quartermaster's Dept. secured him and promoted him to sergeant. He left here for New York where he will join the Pacific Mail Steamship line and go by way of the Canal, visiting points along both coasts till he hits the old town again. Best wishes to you, Bill, old boy.

OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.

After a brief sojourn in the hospital, nursing a lacerated foot, Pvt. William Doak comes out saying he's feeling fine and full o' the ole pep.

AWAY.

The baseball team plays at Camp Stuart today.

AMONG US AGAIN.

Pvt. 1st c. Marshall Berg arrived Friday night, in the pink of condition, from way out west, after visiting at his home, the past 20 days.

ANOTHER Q-EMER GONE.

After eleven months of service, Sgt. John G. Stepp, who has been discharged, left last night for his home in Jersey Shore, Penna. The Sgt. spent many months in the Medical Corps while stationed at Camp Greenleaf prior to his transfer here. Shortly after arriving he was transferred to the Quartermasters' branch after proving a very capable man he was promoted to the grade of Sergeant, and placed in charge of the Hospital Linen room. He bids a fond farewell to all the boys and requests that they see that Felix Cooper takes down the flag when everyone else has departed homeward. Good luck to you, Sarge.

HOME ON PASS.

Sgt. Ladanyi leaves us for a seven day trip to visit the tall buildings in his home in New York. We wonder if the "wimmin" will try the kidnapping act up there, too?

MCCARTHY ON PASS.

Sgt. McCarthy, catcher and Captain of the Post ball team made a hasty trip to New York Friday evening on account of the serious illness of his father.

ASSISTANT SUPPLY OFFICER TRANSFERRED HERE.

Lieutenant Wilson has been transferred here to assist Lieutenant Otis in the Quartermaster's Supply Office.

THE WAY THE ISAAC WALTON'S DID IT.

The descendants of Isaac Walton who spent Friday morning on a fishing trip took all day yesterday to sum up the total of their catch. There were prizes awarded to the most efficient Waltons, and this is how the hooks were baited:

A safety razor went to Jesse Doremus "Walton," ward 21, for the largest fish. Walter Phillips "Walton," ward 21, largest catch, seven fish. Phillips' fish were five toad fish and two edible fish. No stipulation was made as to the kind of fish caught so he grabbed the prize.

Lt. Howard "Walton" copped next prize, with three edible fish to his credit.

The most novel catch of the trip was made by Howard D. Clark "Walton," ward 21, which consisted of four oysters. Crabs were caught in abundance. The Nurses "Waltons" finished with little success but were game to the last. Fish of all kinds were caught from toad fish to sea trout, from three inches to two feet long included.

Many other members of the Walton family were there but all the catch they made was the crumbs from the bread basket.

Mr. George Zimmerman arrived Thursday to succeed Mr. Frank B. Marshall as Social and Athletic Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work of this Post. Mr. Zimmerman has done quite a bit of this work for the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Stuart, being with them over six months. He has been noted to be a baseball enthusiast, having played on many of the strong Post team.

Marshall to Resume Engineering Studies.

Mr. Marshall who will sever connections with the Y. M. C. A. a few weeks after his return from a short period spent at his home in Hagerstown, Maryland, has seen service as a second lieutenant in the United States Army at Kansas City. Mr. Marshall while at Camps Stuart and Eustis, served in the capacity of ath-

letic and social director.

After his discharge Mr. Marshall will visit the Western states, returning to take up his studies in Engineering at the Colorado School of Mines.

MONAGHAN RETURNS.

(Continued from page 1.)

jaw in the first round, absorbed SEVENTY of Dempsey's hardest, struck without any defense on the part of Willard, during the rest of the three rounds and not one of these could put the former champion out of business. It is the opinion of those who are best able to judge, that Willard, tho a bit slow in getting started, is far the stronger and better man of the two. Sergeant Monaghan made no effort to belittle the present champion, but merely told us what the big men of the game, who saw the battle, think. Willard had planned to retire from the ring, a winner or loser. His condition shortly after the defeat, with the exception of a bruised eye, etc., was good. Sergeant Monaghan is in the pink of condition, which promises well for some lively ring work in our local arena. Glad to have you back, Walter.

MR. AND MRS. BLACKERBY LEAVE TODAY.

The now Mister Blackerby and his wife will depart today for home. The former lieutenant, boss of the Post Exchange, has been seen about the Post the last day or so, sporting a classy new civilian uniform, initiating same at the Officer's dance held Friday evening. Looks real nifty, too. Kindest wishes of the Post will be the best remembrances that this well known and popular couple will carry home with them. They will return to their former home in Louisville, Ky.

YEGGMEN AT CHAMBERLIN.

Several of the rough gang housed in Barrack A, and who dispenses wares over one of the counter in a local business establishment, held a meeting at the Chamberlin hotel, Friday night.